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The Christ of the Andes.

WAY up in the Andes Mountains, far from traveled highways, there stands on the level summit of a lofty pass between Argentine and Chile a bronze statue of the Christ. There was a time when travelers between the two countries were obliged to cross the Andes by way of this pass; but in these days no one climbs to the top of the ridge except for the purpose of beholding the lonely bronze figure. There is now a railroad tunnel through the mountains fifteen hundred feet below the pass, and passengers travel on trains by way of this tunnel, from one country to the other.

Yet, although it is so far from the world of men, the inhabitants of Argentine and Chile know that the statue is there, and they

know the reason why it stands season after season with uplifted right hand, blessing both nations. Doubtless they tell their children over and over the story of the monument, a story that shall never be forgotten.

There was a time when Argentine and Chile were on the verge of war over their boundary line. The controversy had been long and bitter. At last, when war seemed inevitable, the two countries appealed to Queen Victoria for a settlement of the difficulty, and agreed to stand by the decision of Great Britain. The queen straightway appointed a commission to examine all documents bearing on the question, and to make the necessary surveys. Years passed before

the work was completed; but when the commissioners finally submitted the result of their careful inquiry, both nations accepted the proposed boundary line, and war was averted.

Gratitude for this deliverance prompted the two countries to have the figure of Christ cast from the metal of cannon, to stand forever as a memorial of peace between the nations.

Canada and the United States.

LET politicians talk their fill,
And papers print what papers will,
The common folk on either side
Of the invisible divide—
Canadian, United States—
Are providential working mates.

Each with a continental task,
A neighbor's helping hand we ask.
Each under heavy burdens bent,
We ask a friend's encouragement.
Each holding Britain mother-dear,
We ask a brother's loving cheer.

Three thousand miles without a fort—
What confidence does that import!
Upon the lakes that wash each shore
There's not a single ship-of-war!
And now, with amity's increase,
A blessed century of peace!

Both are the heirs of boundless wealth,
And of a sturdy nation-health.
We both extend our welcoming hands
To honest poor of other lands.
The same high hopes of splendid growth
And world-wide service move us both.

Now on our lengthened border-line
We give but one glad countersign—
Be it the same till time shall end—
This: "Who goes there?" "A friend!" "A
friend!"

And let us to all nations prove
That nations can as brothers love.

AMOS R. WELLS,
in Youth's Companion.

A Plowman.

BY F. H. SWEET.

CHAPPELL'S berry fields presented a busy scene during the picking season. All the boys and girls of the neighborhood who wanted work were there—and all the older people, too, for that matter. Little tots of seven or eight, and their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of seventy or eighty, were spread out like animated dots over the strawberry fields, or in their season scattered along the rows of currants and gooseberries, or perhaps hidden by the tall green sprays of raspberry and blackberry vines. Every day hundreds of nicely packed crates and baskets and boxes were taken to the railroad station by the

delivery wagons; and every evening the small army of pickers crowded about the office door to exchange the cardboard checks representing their day's labor for an equivalent in money.

So one day when a rough, half-grown boy slouched up to the manager and mumbled something about work, he was promptly directed to join the pickers. Work? There was lots of it, the manager said.

But the fellow drew back, his face clouding. Evidently the answer was unexpected.

For a single instant they gazed at each other; then the fellow's eyes shifted and dropped, and the manager's darkened. He had met this manner of man—or boy—before, and knew his ways. Asking for work was but a feeler; that being refused, he would tell some pitiful story and beg for his dinner, and perhaps a little money, in the mean time looking about with stealthy, covetous eyes for whatever was valuable and portable. Very likely he had associates in the vicinity, and the manager's eyes swept down to the main road, and along that toward the bit of woods a quarter of a mile away. Yes, there were two men sprawled upon the grass beside the road, smoking. Even at that distance he could recognize them as tramps. A hard look came into his eyes, and sharp words to his lips. But only for a moment; then they were lost in something entirely different.

And it all came about from his little four-year-old son passing by them toward the berry field. The figure had been slouching away, when the shifting eyes caught sight of the boy, and for an instant a new look came into them and transfigured the face, and then became lost in the habitual expression of sullenness. But brief as it was, the manager had seen.

John Groves had not been a hirer of help all these years to make mistakes in his men. Besides, he was fond of experimenting. Sometimes the best firewood had the roughest, knottiest bark on the outside; and of all the varieties of strawberries he raised, his own choice was a small, irregular fruit which even a local-market would have disdained. This unprepossessing applicant for work might not be as bad as he seemed. He was of good figure, evidently strong and healthy, and his very sullenness and lack of confidence were in his favor, for they indicated that he was ashamed of his position. Moreover, he was only a boy, and perhaps the tool of others. And then that look.

"Yes, I have plenty of work," he said, looking keenly at the lowering, discontented face. "Did you ever pick berries?"

"No," surlily.

The manager's gaze examined him critically, comprehendingly.

"And yet you were brought up on a farm," he declared.

The eyes sought his suspiciously.

"How do you know?"

The manager laughed.

"I haven't dealt with men without learning some of the signs of their vocations," he answered. "Your hands have been hardened and toughened by plow handles. I can see that. And you walk like a farmer. But come," as the other scowled and glanced toward the road, "let us go down to the berry fields."

"But I don't want—" The sentence was cut short abruptly. He had asked for work, and it would not do to arouse suspicion. That was not what he was here for.

"I don't b'lieve I can pick berries," he

grumbled, as he slouched along beside the manager, "my fingers are too big."

"Oh, well, there's plenty of other work," the manager said easily. "And to tell the truth, it's the other work I'm anxious about. Anybody can pick berries. Now this," as they paused beside the strawberry field, "is our banner crop. We have forty varieties, and a daily yield of fifty to seventy-five bushels. Taste that," stooping and selecting a large, thickly crowned berry. "It's a Bubach, and in just the right condition for eating."

The hulking, overgrown boy took the berry diffidently and placed it between his teeth.

"Yes, it's good," he said after a moment, "prime good."

"Our market thinks so. Now we'll go on to the currants and raspberries and blackberries. Then there's a field I want to show you. But about work, it's curious how many people there are who haven't learned their own business. The country's full of farmers, for instance, and yet there are very few who can plow a field of heavy ground properly. I have a dozen men here now who think they can handle a plow, but there are only two or three of them I'd trust with really fine work. You know how it is, though, being raised on a farm."

The heavy face lighted up for an instant.

"Yes, good plowers are scarce. I used to—"

The sentence was not finished, but the manager looked across the fields to hide a sudden twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. It was the first sign of interest the tramp had shown.

From the berry fields they went across some meadow land and a brook to a square, inclosed field of ten or twelve acres. Around it several furrows had been recently turned, for the soil was still moist. The manager nodded toward them significantly.

"I want you to look that work over," he said, "and tell me just what you think of it." He then appeared to busy himself about the fence, but did it in such a manner as to keep a covert oversight of his companion's face.

But the caution was unnecessary. The heavy face was animated, critical, disapproving; and the hulking figure had straightened up and seemingly grown more compact as it moved back and forth along the furrows. Evidently the boy was with something familiar and congenial, and lost to the restraint of his presence.

"Well," the manager asked at last, "what do you think?"

The fellow started and resumed his slouching gait.

"Botch work," he replied, "every furrer of it; an' the furrers are all done by different hands, too."

"Right you are," cried the manager, heartily. "You've got keen eyes. The way of it is this: yesterday a man came who said he could plow. I set him to work here and let him go round once, then put him to picking strawberries. This morning two other men came, and I gave each of them a chance at the plow. They are now with the pickers. This field ought to have been ready for plants ten days ago, but I want it plowed right or not at all."

He looked at the face before him a moment, then appeared to decide its owner was not yet ready for overtures, for he went on:

"My experts will likely have to come over and do the work, though I hate to

spare them from the job they're at now. It's curious how many there are like you who know good work when they see it, but who can't do it themselves. I don't doubt but every man on the place really believes he is a good plower."

"Huh! I could do that lot with any man in the country," he heard his companion mutter, but he appeared not to notice.

"Now that you've seen poor work," he continued regretfully, "I really wish one of my experts was here to show you what good plowing is like. I wish all the farmers in the country could come and take a lesson."

The hulking figure had been hitching about impatiently. Now it turned to him defiantly.

"Have ye any plow horses handy?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," the manager replied, with apparent indifference. "I wouldn't wonder if there was a pair all harnessed, just as the man left them. I'll have them brought."

A boy was at work near the brook. He called to him. The boy sped away toward the barn.

When the boy appeared with the horses, five minutes later, the tramp caught the lines from him with dextrous familiarity, guided the horses through the opening in the fence, fastened the traces to the plow, swung the plow over into another furrow, and then chirruped quickly to the horses. They, with a recognizing backward glance at the authority in the voice, moved forward into steady, uniform work. The manager watched with approval. By the time the plowman had made one turn around the field, he had established his position as an expert.

As he completed the round and approached the opening in the fence, the manager looked for him to leave the field. But no! he kept right on, apparently oblivious of everything but his work. To the manager, he seemed like one who had returned to a favorite occupation after a long absence, and, absorbed in it, was unconscious of aught else. He watched for another ten minutes, and then went back to the berry fields. It was noon when he returned.

"Hello," he called cheerily. "It's about time for something to eat. We'll take the horses to the barn, and then get our dinner."

The tramp started and passed a hand across his forehead.

"Why, I didn't know it was so late," he ejaculated. "I must be goin'. I—I've got some friends waitin'."

"But you must have dinner first," the manager insisted.

"No, no, I can't wait for that. I'll look after the horses fust, an' then go. No, you needn't take 'em," as the manager laid his hand upon the reins, "I'll do it this time. I like horses."

The manager smiled in his beard as he walked beside him to the barn and waited for him to feed the horses. Evidently this was the avenue to the boy's heart.

"Now come upstairs with me a minute," he said, as they left the stable.

Over the stable was a long room, lighted by two windows, and containing a bed, washstand, and several chairs. It looked wholesome and inviting. The manager pointed to the bed.

"Sit down," he said quietly. "I want to talk to you. No, there is no hurry," as the other seemed about to refuse. "Your companions have gone. I went to them and said you were at work, and that they

could have ten minutes to leave my premises. They will not return," grimly. "No, you cannot go yet," blockading the stairway, "and you need not look so fierce. I am doing it for your good."

He waited until the boy had seated himself upon the bed, scowling and sullen, and with an ill-concealed expression of anxiety on his face. Then he went on, more gently:

"Let me tell you something now, my boy. These men have a hold upon you, and you are afraid of them. They sent you in here to look around, and were waiting for you to come back and report. But you needn't fear. I talked pretty plain, and they won't dare to cross my land again. You can have this room, and charge of the horses downstairs, and I will give you steady work. Unless you wish, there will be no need for you to leave the place for a year to come. I have a boarding house on the farm where most of the men stay, but I think you will like this room to yourself and near the horses best. No," as the other's face began to work curiously; "you needn't tell me anything yet. I am willing to trust you. I am not generally mistaken in men. Will you stay?"

The hulking figure straightened as it had done while criticising the furrows. Then it rose heavily and came forward.

"Yes, sir, I'll stay," the fellow said huskily, "an'-an' thank you, too."

Bingo.

BY ETHEL GESSNER ROCKWELL.

MAURICE sat in the middle of his little green garden spot, saying good-by. The doctor's boy looked over the high board fence. No one was in sight but Maurice himself, so the doctor's boy never guessed about the good-by.

"Hi, Kid," said the doctor's boy, balancing himself cross-legged on the fence with his hands locked behind his head. "How's the youngster?"

Maurice gulped, pretending a cough to cover it up.

"Oh, he's dinky," he said with great unconcern. "I'm sellin' him to-morrer," he added, and in spite of his grown-up manner his voice trembled.

The doctor's boy slid one leg over the fence, dropping on Maurice's side.

"Sellin' him," he puzzled, "sellin' Bingo?"

Maurice stood up and jammed his hands into his pockets.

"Yep," he said unsteadily,—"Dr. Briggs, up Summit Av'noo."

"Briggs!" pondered the doctor's boy. "Ain't he the guy that cuts up dogs an' things to see if they're made right inside?"

Horror pallored Maurice's face. "Oh, no—no!" he cried. "He's wantin' him just to eat up the bugs in his garden. Look—here's how it says in the paper."

He pulled a crumpled bit from his pocket, spread it out, and the two bent over it, close to the doctor's electric sign across the fence. "Wanted," read the older boy slowly, "toads to eat bugs in a garden. Apply at once."

"But—" Maurice's face still showed white in the starlight, "you don't be s'posin'—"

"Aw, no," hastened the doctor's boy, soothingly. "I guess that's straight all right. Watcher goin' to get fer 'im?"

Maurice folded the paper carefully and returned it to his pocket, a wistful color flooding back into his pale face.

The Cherry Festival from Naumburg.

(A ballad founded on fact.)

HARD by the walls of Naumburg town,
Four hundred years ago,
Procopius his soldiers led
To fight their Saxon foe.
The blue sky bent above the earth
In benediction mute;
The tranquil fields reposed content
In blossom, grain, and fruit.

But vain the benedicite
Of tender, brooding sky;
And vainly peaceful, smiling fields
Gave eloquent reply.
Unsoothed, unmoved, in nature's calm,
The Hussite army lay,
A deadly, threatening human storm,
With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed
The dear old Saxon town;
Before Procopius the Great
The strongest walls went down.
But soon upon the soft, calm air,
Came sound of tramping feet;
The Hussites quickly flew to arms,
Their hated foe to meet.

Ready they stood to face the charge;
The great gate opened wide,
And out there poured, not armed men,
But, marching side by side,
The little children of the town,
Whose bright eyes met their gaze
With innocence and courage all
Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down
At sight so strange and fair;
They took the children in their arms,
They stroked their flaxen hair,
They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,
They told how back at home
They'd left such little ones as these,
And then they bade them come

To cherry orchards close at hand,
And there they stripped the trees
Of branches rich with clustered fruit;
Their little arms with these
They filled, and with kind words of peace
They sent them back to town.
The soldiers then all marched away
Nor thought of war's renown.

And now each year at cherry time,
In Naumburg you may see
The little children celebrate
This strange, sweet victory.
Once more the sound of tramping feet
Is heard as, side by side,
They march throughout the quaint old town,
In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms
Green branches, thro' whose leaves
Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale
More strange than fancy weaves,
About a bloodless battle fought
Four centuries ago,
When children saved old Naumburg town
By conquering its foe.

Selected.

"Say," he came close, looking shyly into the other's wondering face, "I'm wantin' a heap to get a rollin' chair for Beth. She ain't never goin' to be walkin' no more forever"—he choked—"an' I could roll her to the park and the trees. This garden ain't nowhere's big enough. Oh, say! d'ye s'pose he'd be givin' enough for that?"

Suddenly the humming arc-light seemed to hurt the other boy's eyes. He turned quickly, taking in the whole little garden in three strides, stopping at the corner to look mistily out over the hot pavement into the hotter street.

Maurice trailed his little hopeless steps after the big strides. "D'ye s'pose he ain't big enough to be bringin' that much?" he asked anxiously. "He's a norful nice toad—I'll be missin' him a heap! I've had him two whole summers now."

The doctor's boy searched hastily and in vain for some hope to bring out of his worldly wisdom. Finding none, and not being able to drown utterly the longing in those wistful eyes, he did his best.

"Sure! He's a bully toad—I guess he's worth some! Where is he, anyhow?"

Maurice had already leaped back into hopefulness. "Come," he whispered eagerly, "I'll show you!"

In one corner, close to the fence that separated the house of the doctor who lived on the flats to be close to his job, grew a big tomato plant, the pride of Maurice's heart. Beside it, propped up on some loose stones, balanced the battered watering can by which the boy saved from the scorching power of day his wee garden. The can leaked. Maurice had discovered that by filling it in the morning there was just enough to leak over the stones all day and keep the earth

moist. So the tomato plant flourished, and under its spreading greenness, huddled into the moist soil at its roots, lived Bingo, the toad.

Maurice slid on to his knees, the doctor's boy doubled up his long legs, and together they crouched close to the earth. Although the toads' alarm clock, the call of the katydids and crickets, never reached his ears, Bingo sensed the setting of the sun and the cool of the starlight that comes even to a pavement garden. He plumped out of his bed, kicked the sand from his back, and settled himself for a long stare at the weather and the world as he saw it.

"He's just got a new suit," confided Maurice. "I was watchin' him swaller his old one, only this mornin'. He's gettin' ready for to-morrer." Sadness tinged his voice.

Bingo kept on winking and thinking, his big pop eyes sticking out solemnly. Maurice tipped the can till a puddle came in the stones, and the two boys watched while the toad sprawled out in his tiny pond and soaked himself comfortably full of the cool water. Then he hopped off for his night of meager bug-hunting in the little garden.

The boys stretched their cramped legs and said good-night, the doctor's boy going home, while Maurice gave his garden its nightly shower. He took a last peep at Bingo, already swelling out his sides with unlucky prowling worms, and sighed again as he thought of the morrow.

The morrow came—a gorgeous, clear-sunned Saturday to-morrow, with air shower-freshened in the night. Maurice had hard work to explain to the shrewd keen-scented bargain-winger in "Gents' Second Hand Clothing" who happened to be his father and

who somehow never had seemed to fit, that one hour of vacation from his store-tending that morning was really necessary. For it was a secret, Bingo and his little journey to a new home, and a fellow never shared secrets with a bargain-shop runner who happened to be his father. Only the doctor's boy knew, he always seemed to catch on to what you wanted to say and wasn't in a hurry—when the doctor was gone.

Out of his comfortable earth-bed Maurice gently poked the pop-eyed toad. Then he stood looking down, a wild rebellion thumping his heart. Whatever should he do without Bingo! Who would sleep in *his* pool and eat *his* bugs if he gave away his little caretaker! A fellow couldn't have a dog, he cost too much in bones, and Maurice's one kitten had been chased to everlasting limpness by somebody else's dog, a rich dog, too, who didn't need bones. But a toad—why, he was yours, and just nobody knew. Nobody but Beth—then Maurice remembered. What was Beth's bedtime story? Every night he told it to her, watching the fever die and the pain sink away as she dropped asleep to the music of his tale of the great beautiful park, with the water, the boats, the birds, the wind—whole long breezes of it, blowing through tall, tall trees. And always you went there in the rolling chair—that big soft chair with the ploppy cushions and your brother to roll it.

Maurice stooped, and with firm fingers picked up the cold, little, ready-to-hop body and placed it tenderly in a box with holes in the cover to let in air. Without a backward look or a straying thought, he strode from the tiny garden spot redeemed with so much care from the dust-baked dump.

Through the widening streets he tramped, coming more and more into the greenness and freshness of real summer, at last mounting the steps of the huge-pillared house marked "Dr. Alonzo Briggs." He stumbled a little, the steps were very wide and high.

It was hard work to talk to that maid at the door—somehow she guessed right through that box, held so carefully in the trembling hands.

"More toads?" she gasped. "Bless you, boy, we'll be after havin' to move out to make room for thim! This do be the sixteenth this mornin'! Get off wid it, there's a lamb!"

Maurice tried to explain—this wasn't a common toad—this was *the* toad of them all—this—But the crack of the door's opening was growing smaller. Blank despair froze the boy's heart.

"Can't I see Dr. Briggs—just a teenty minute—just—"

But the door was shut! Maurice stood numb—to fail! And Beth's story to-night—it was going to be—

He got as far as the steps, then he wilted on to the broad porch floor, set down his precious box, leaned his head against a pillar, and let the sobs unchoke!

It was so the great doctor found him, coming out to get into his auto.

"Well, well, well, son," came a hearty big voice, "what's got the man in you this morning?"

Maurice jumped—so did the toad! It wasn't the toad's first jump, but it was his most successful one, and because no little hand held down the cover he leaped wide to freedom.

"Oh!" screamed Maurice, "don't let him lose hisself. He's Bingo—he's mine—I mean he's yours—don't—"



By Martha Hume.

A Thought.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

The strangest thought just came to me,
As I was playing by the sea:
The children of far foreign lands
Must play like me in their sea sands,
And though I'd not know what they say,
We play the same way every day.

And they didn't. Together they hopped around the porch after the now nimble Bingo, bringing up together at last on a wide piazza seat, panting, tired, but with the cold little culprit safely housed and guarded between them.

The doctor mopped his face and made frantic dabs at his wildly waving hair, and Maurice told his story, the whole little brave story, secret and all.

"You see," he finished, pressing the cover gently to foil one of Bingo's leaps, "he's such a useful toad, or I wouldn't be askin' you to keep him when you've got so many. He's got just a *norful* hungry to him—all the time he's got a hungry. An' gee! his swaller's somethin' fierce! Why, one night I was watchin' him swaller—"

But the doctor was tramping the piazza. Somehow it seemed to make him cough and blow his nose to chase toads! He brought up before the white, little, eager-eyed boy, so lovingly pressing the box cover down.

"Been quite awhile since you had your breakfast?" jerked the doctor.

"Well," stammered the boy, "not 'xactly, —you see—I was in a hurry—an' it was kind o' early an' I didn't want to stop—" red stained the white on his thin little face. He made another dive at the toad box.

"Let him go," said the doctor, escorting Bingo off the porch and introducing him to a rose-bush paradise. "I'll keep him—and I think I'll be needing a boy about your size to help my gardener a few hours a day this summer and kind of superintend this toad family I've adopted. What do you say?"

What *did* he say! Sitting on the cool porch,

eating thick slices of bread and butter and milk that appeared as if by magic, he and the busy doctor talked it all over—about Beth, and the garden, and the rolling chair.

"An' just think—" it was Maurice's voice trailing the bedtime story that night to Beth. "He's sendin' the rollin' chair, an' you're goin' to the garden every day with me, to watch the flowers, an' hear the birds, an' maybe he can make you walk some more. An' Bingo's there—Bingo's real happy, swallerin' them bugs. Ain't I glad I took him, though! There's sure money in toads!"

Sunday School News.

REPORT comes from a very small Sunday school in Shelbyville, Ill., that although the average attendance is only fifteen, the interest is marked and the spirit fine. Each of the members took some special part in the Easter service, which attracted an audience of forty. The ages of the children range from four to fifteen years, and the half-dozen adults who meet with them consider it a pleasure, rather than a duty, to serve the interests of this little group of future members of the church.

The enrollment of the Winchester Sunday school is 250. Without counting Bible class members or teachers, the number is 200. Of these pupils the average attendance is 180, and 66 of the number had perfect attendance during the first half of the year. Recognition cards are given twice a year to the pupils who secure perfect attendance.



By Solaro Saba.

The Great Bronze Image.

BY WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Saichiro held tightly to his nurse's hand as he came near the great image. Looking from the huge figure into her face he saw that she, too, was deeply moved, but not by fear. Her eyes seemed so large and her face so full of peace that he felt sure it must be all right.

"Kane," he said, "will it—" but he did not finish his question. No, he felt sure there was nothing to fear. Like all Japanese children, little Saichiro was quick to understand, and he was brave. He knew that his name meant "First son of promise." His parents trusted him.

Kane, too, felt that she must be true to her name, the "bell." Even then the deep tones of the great temple bell boomed across the sands. So she led little Saichiro to the foot of the great pedestal upon which sat the mighty bronze Buddha.

More than six hundred and sixty years that calm figure had been there. Two temples had been built over it, each, in succession, having been washed away by tidal waves, the last temple having been destroyed two years after Columbus discovered America. Since then it had been uncovered, beaten upon by the storms of many years. The great city of Kamakura lay all about it, at the first, but now only a few fishermen's huts and a little tavern for the *ijinsan*, the foreign tourists, were left.

Little Saichiro did not know how big it

was or greatly care. Kane explained that it was fifty feet high, the great head was eighteen feet through from ear to ear, that the eye-balls of pure gold were four feet across, and that the solid silver ball in the forehead weighed thirty pounds. But he understood in a vague way when she told him about the great Mikados and powerful shoguns, the warlike daimios, and the patient working-people, who, for many hundreds of years, had come to this same spot and had looked in wonder at the Daibutsu. For Saichiro was a dreamy child, after the manner of his people, and found it easier to understand past history than the numbers of feet and pounds that told of the image's size.

Then Kane took Saichiro through a door in the side of the pedestal and up a long flight of iron stairs. It was pretty dark, but he was too self-controlled to show fear. Presently they came to a landing where it was lighter, and found themselves at a Buddhist altar. They both made low bows, with hands placed palms together before them, and threw small coins into the box placed to receive offerings. They were in the head of the great image, and from small openings could look out over the pretty landscape.

Kane watched her little charge as they stood once more before the image. For a time he clung close to her as he had done

at the first. But as he looked, watching the peasants and the pilgrims as they worshiped, watching the laughing *ijinsan* as they passed by unmoved, watching the clouds that seemed almost to caress the Buddha's head as they floated across the sky, he loosened his hold on Kane's hand and stepped before the image. He felt, somehow, that he was now a man, and he worshiped as he had seen others do, throwing his last coin into the great box of offering. "Kane," he said as they walked away, "I will be a good man."

"Nor shall they learn War any more."

EARTH, wise from all the foolish past,
Shall peradventure hail at last
The advent of that morn divine
When nations shall as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor birches wish the cedars woe,
But all in their unlikeness blend,
Confederate to one golden end.

WILLIAM WATSON,
"The Father of the Forest."

A Statue of Florence Nightingale.

Without any formal ceremony there was unveiled early on a recent morning the statue erected to the memory of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo-place. The vicinity was deserted at half-past seven, when three workmen from the Office of Works arrived with a hand-cart and a few ladders. The statue, swathed in canvas, was covered with snow. Ladders were placed against it, they shook the snow from the covering, pulled the cords, and the figure was disclosed. The workmen departed as quietly as they came, and thus was the memorial to a noble Unitarian woman unveiled.

Unitarians may reasonably be proud of the fact that the "Lady with the Lamp" is the first public statue of a woman in London other than those of Royal ladies. Its position marks its association with the Crimean Memorial and the statue of Sidney Herbert (afterward Lord Herbert of Lea), who, as War Minister at the time,—after much opposition to Florence Nightingale from Anglican clergymen, and others, on account of her religious views,—granted permission for her mission of mercy to Scutari.

The Nightingale statue stands on a pedestal ten feet ten inches high, the figure itself being nine feet high. It shows Miss Nightingale as she walked through the hospital wards at Scutari. In one hand she carries a lamp. The other hand switches the skirt of a plain dress of the Early Victorian period. Her smoothly-brushed hair is half-covered by a cap. In the face the sculptor (Mr. A. G. Walker) has excellently expressed Florence Nightingale's characteristic will-power. Four panels on the base of the statue are filled, one with Florence Nightingale in the center of a group of convalescent soldiers, the second has Florence Nightingale with a medical officer in front of a row of cots occupied by wounded soldiers, the third shows Florence Nightingale in her old age talking to nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital, the fourth bears the inscription "Florence Nightingale, 1820-1910."

London Christian Life.

To those of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.

From the Hindu.

Words of Wisdom.

LISTEN to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life Who made you;

I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the Nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded
You will fade away and perish.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Beautiful Pollyanna.

BY EULETA WADSWORTH.

"MOTHER," called Ethel, "may I take one of my dolls to the ranch with me?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Colton, "but I wouldn't take Angela. She is too big."

"All right, mother. I'll take Pollyanna. I love her the best, anyway. She has the loveliest face I ever saw."

Ethel and her mother were getting ready to go with Mr. Colton to their hop ranch. To get there they were going to take a steamer up the river, and they would have to ride all day on the boat and eat luncheon on board.

When they got on the boat there were a great many people crowded about, mostly poor people who were going to work in the hop fields. Ethel was carrying Pollyanna, who had on her best blue velvet coat and a very stylish hat with a blue feather on it. Her pretty dimity dress with pink roses in it showed a little in front where her coat fell open. Ethel was very proud of Pollyanna. In all her life she had never had a doll she loved so much.

On the upper deck Ethel saw a little girl about her own age staring at Pollyanna with big round eyes as if she had never before seen anything so lovely. Ethel smiled across at her in a friendly way. The little girl smiled back, but quickly turned her eyes away as if she were ashamed for having stared so hard at Ethel and Pollyanna. She wore a checked gingham and a plain straw hat. Two pretty, long braids of brown hair hung down her back, but Ethel noticed that they were tied with pieces of cord instead of ribbons. Her mother and three little brothers sat beside her.

After a few moments the little girl looked back at Pollyanna, and Ethel smiled at her again. This time the little girl did not look away as she did before, but smiled back and kept looking at Pollyanna. Ethel got up and went across the deck.

"Would you like to see Pollyanna up close?" she asked.

"Oh! yes," said the little girl. "She is lovely."

"Yes," said Ethel, "I love her better than all the rest of my playthings put together. How many dolls have you?"

The smile all went out of the little girl's face. She looked down at her shabby shoes.

"None," she answered.

Ethel's heart ached for the little girl. It seemed too bad not to have a single doll.

"You may hold Pollyanna," said Ethel, putting her into the little girl's arms.

"Oh!" exclaimed the little girl, breathlessly. And a great big beautiful smile like sunshine lit up her whole face.

They took off Pollyanna's pretty slippers with the shiny buckles on them, and Ethel showed the little girl how to unhook her coat, and how her white under-skirt with the lace ruffle buttoned up the back. And then it was time to go downstairs in the boat dining-room and have luncheon. The little girl's mother had brought some bread and butter for their lunch, so they were going to stay up on deck and eat that.

"You may keep Pollyanna while I'm gone," said Ethel.

"Oh! thank you," replied the little girl as she gave Pollyanna a hug and looked ready to dance with happiness.

After luncheon Ethel went with her papa up on the bridge with the captain, and it was so fine up there to see the boat pushing through the deep green water that they stayed until it was almost time to get off the boat.

When they came down Ethel's mother was gathering up their wraps.

"Get your things together, dear," she said.

"We will land in a few moments."

It was not until then that Ethel thought of Pollyanna. She looked over at the little girl. She was holding Pollyanna tight in her arms and looking down into her face so happily and lovingly. Ethel's face got very grave.

"Mother," she said, "I'm afraid the little girl will feel badly when I take Pollyanna."

Mother was busy putting on her coat. She didn't say anything. Ethel's big blue eyes were troubled. She kept looking at the poor little girl and Pollyanna, but she did not make any move to go after Pollyanna. And the boat was almost landing.

"Mother," said Ethel, "the little girl hasn't a single doll of her own."

"How sad!" replied mother.

Ethel stood quite still. Her face was pale, and she was nervously twisting one thumb.

"Mother," she said again, and this time her lips were trembling, "I wish I'd brought Angela or Susie or—or—" a sob caught in her throat, "I—I—love Pollyanna so much."

"The boat has landed, little girl, we must go," said mother.

Ethel stood perfectly still just a moment; then she rushed over to the little girl who was looking so perfectly happy with Pollyanna.

"You may keep her," cried Ethel, in a voice full of tears, and ran after her mother across the gang-plank.

From the landing she looked back. The little girl stood at the rail, her face glowing with joy.

"Do you really mean it?" she called as if she could not believe her ears.

Ethel was too choked by sobs to answer, but she nodded her head and waved her hand at the little girl and Pollyanna until the boat pulled out into the river again.

As they got into the automobile which was to take them to the ranch, big tears were running down Ethel's cheeks. She kept wiping them away, but they just kept on coming.

After they had gone four or five miles she put away her handkerchief.

"Mother," she said with a little smile, "I'm glad I did it, anyway."

IDREAMED in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;

I dreamed that it was the new City of Friends; Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, and in all their looks and words.

WALT WHITMAN.

Books for Boys.

ONE of the most enjoyable books of the season is the story by Leslie W. Quirk entitled *The Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol*. A better book for boys could hardly be found. The doings of the scouts are very interesting. Whoever begins to read the story will be led on chapter after chapter by the adventures of the lads. Nor does the author make the mistake of having his hero invariably successful in his ventures. The scout requirements are closely brought out in the things that the various boys of the patrol undertake. Many fine lessons in character building are illustrated, and those who have passed beyond boyhood may well take to heart some of the lessons which the boy scouts themselves learned. The story is full of fun and adventure, of sturdy effort, and exciting games of all sorts of clean and interesting sport. It is good to read that this book is the first in a boy scout series. Our boy readers will watch eagerly for the remaining volumes.

The Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol. By Leslie W. Quirk. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1 net.

Little Sir Galahad. By Phoebe Gray. A fine use is made in this book of the story of Sir Galahad, whose "strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure," and his quest for the holy grail. The boy Francis Willett, son of a rich father, organized a group of "Sir Knights" among his boy friends. By being himself helpful to Mary Alice Brown, a poor child in distress, he came to know Charlie Thomas, a little crippled lad of seven, the "Little Sir Galahad" of the story. The spirit and influence of the work are wholesome, and one might hope that many boys, reading it, would wish themselves to be the sort of "Sir Knight" the book pictures. Young readers must, however, realize that the story takes them into that realm of romance in which the seemingly impossible is brought to pass. Everything comes out right. The drunkard reforms, two serious illnesses are cured by a miracle of surgery, the poor family is brought into comfortable conditions, and plain, skinny Mary Alice grows into a marvel of girlish beauty. We have here not pictures of life as it is but as we might wish it to be. The author's style, even in descriptive passages, is exceedingly colloquial, and the characters speak a dialect which is often close to slang. But the good is obvious, and triumphs. The book is a capital temperance sermon, and the little-Knight's faith such as would remove mountains.

Little Sir Galahad. By Phoebe Gray. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.35. Orders should be sent to Victor Leib, Civic Service House, Boston.



PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



Bubble Balloons.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.



JOSEPHINE BRUCE

Grandfather's Joke.

BY ELLA CONANT.

ONE spring Jack and Rob visited Grandpa, who lived on a big farm. It was their first visit to the country, and the morning after they arrived they woke early and lay listening to the different birds singing outside. They had been studying birds at home, and were delighted to recognize some of the notes they had heard at the parks in the city.

"That's a bluebird," said Rob, "and I hear robins, too; but listen—there's one that I don't know. Do you hear it?"

"Yes," said Jack. "It sounds sort of sad and lost, doesn't it? But there is another that is lively enough; it must belong to the jolliest kind of a bird—a very different chap from your homesick fellow. We'll ask Grandpa at breakfast what those two birds are, and add them to our list as soon as we find out."

So at breakfast Jack began. "Grandpa," he said, "we heard one bird this morning that had the homesickest kind of a whistle—like this—and one that had a jolly perky little note—something like this," and Jack imitated as well as he could both songs. "Now we want to know what bird each song belongs to. Father said he

would give us each a dime for all the new names we had on our list when we came home."

Grandfather's eyes twinkled. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you both *two* dimes if you will find a different bird for each of those two songs. You take one, Rob, and Jack can take the other. Wait until you hear the note that you are after, and then follow it till you can get a good look at the singer."

"They must be two very opposite kind of birds to have such opposite songs," said Rob. "I'll go down to the orchard, where I thought mine was singing."

"And I'll just wander about till I can locate mine, and follow it," said Jack.

A half an hour after two eager boys crept around opposite corners of the house, and approached each other.

"My bird is in the apple tree by the window," said Jack, in an excited undertone.

"And mine is there in the lilac bush," replied Rob, equally excited. "He's a little fellow, and I want to get a good squint at him before I go in to look him up in the book. He has stopped singing, but I know he



Oh, see how big, and soapy, and round,

My bubble grows, now it gives a bound,
And off it sails to the tops of the trees,
Blown swiftly along by a passing breeze;
Like a rosy, shiny, fairy balloon,
Sailing away to visit the moon.
How I wish it would take me aboard for a ride,
So I could see countries on every side.
Oh, dear! It has burst on the limb of a tree!
Oh, now I'm so glad it didn't take me!

is the right one, as I followed him clear from the edge of the woods."

At this moment both birds flitted straight to the bone that swung from the limb of the apple tree nearest the kitchen window.

"There goes mine," cried Rob.

"And there goes mine," echoed Jack. Then the two boys looked at each other blankly, and no wonder, for, swinging back and forth and pecking merrily at the bone, were two plump little twin birds as much alike as two peas in a pod.

"You must have followed the wrong bird," said Jack.

"No, you must have," replied Rob; "for I waited until I was sure about the song, and after that I never took my eyes off the singer. I noticed the little black cap and throat the very first thing."

"But so did I," cried Rob. "I'm as sure of him as I am of myself."

It looked for a moment as if a storm might be brewing, but at this instant the two birds decided to have a voice in the discussion.

"*Chick-a-dee-dee-dee*," said one, turning a bright eye on the boys,—nothing could be more chipper and gay.

"*Dear me, dear me*," sang the other little bird in a sad, drawling, little whistle.

The two boys looked at each other in bewilderment. Then the truth dawned upon them.

"The very same bird!" they exclaimed together, "and we both were right."

"Which gets the two dimes?" said Jack, after a moment.

"But Grandpa said we were to find a different bird for each song," reminded Rob. Then both boys burst out laughing. "It's one of Grandpa's jokes," they said.

THE BEACON

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From the Editor to You.

Nations as Friends. When Christ's vision of the good comes true there will be no more war upon the earth. Heroes there will be, greater than ever before. Men will show their courage by saving life, not by taking it. Nurses will use their skill to care for the victims of earthquake or fire or accident; there will be no need to care for the victims of war. The reign of the Prince of Peace will come when nations learn to settle their differences in a court of justice, not on the battlefield. It will come when they learn to think of each other as friends, not as enemies.

When we pray for peace, then, it is not to ask that the present war may cease on any terms, regardless of right and justice. We should long and ask that the spirit which alone can make lasting peace, the spirit of love and justice, of righteousness and good will, of consideration for the humblest and most obscure members of each nation, shall come into human hearts everywhere. Boys and girls may help bring about that sort of peace; young men and women may work for it, talk of it, live it. Shall we do it, together?

Girls must be especially interested in it at just this time, because of the organization of the women's peace party, one of the most significant and far-reaching of the present-day movements for the welfare of the world.

On this side of the sea we have a wonderful opportunity for the friendship of nations, and a strong start in that direction. We have lived in peace with our neighbor on the north for a hundred years, without forts or defenses or armaments; a kindly spirit has been enough. We are on friendly terms with our South American neighbors. A Pan-American building in Washington, erected by money given by both the United States and South American republics, gives evidence of mutual interest and sympathy. The Panama Canal, while it divides the land between the two continents, unites the people in firmer bonds of fellowship. Our nation has treaties with many of the others on both sides of the sea, in which we agree that we will not go to war over any matter of dispute for at least a year after the trouble has happened; which probably means that we would not make war with them at all.

With such beginnings, the boys and girls, who will soon be the men and women working and voting for the good of our land, may fairly hope that war may never again make it desolate; that in the crown of excellence which our dear country wears, Peace may indeed be the shining gem.

THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

HINGHAM CENTRE.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Parish Unitarian Sunday School of Hingham, Mass. For the last two years I have received books from the Sunday school for perfect attendance. The books are "The Little Lame Prince" and "Wild Flowers every Child should know." I am twelve years old. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Your loving reader,

BARBARA RIPLEY.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.,
293 Oxford Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been going to the Westminster Unitarian Sunday School now for nearly three years, and like it very much. I greatly enjoy *The Beacon* as all my folks do. It is very interesting, and I learn a lot from it. Our superintendent is Mr. Burbank and he reads the letters from it every Sunday. I thought that I would write one too.

I should like to belong to the Beacon Club. May I?

Yours sincerely,

HAZEL BROWN.

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
14 Elton Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Channing Unitarian Sunday School. I get *The Beacon* and enjoy it very much. There are nine pupils in my class. My teacher's name is Miss Boles. There are twenty-one children out of the Sunday school that have organized a club by the name of Lend-a-Hand Club, and we meet at different houses every other Friday. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am

Sincerely yours,

MARJORIE HORNE.
(Age 11.)

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—Every Sunday night my mother and I read *The Beacon*, and I enjoy it very much. We read about the Belgian Relief plan. But we had already started our help by having a Sacrifice Week every month. I go without car rides. May I join your Club? When I finish *The Beacons* I send them to my cousins on a farm as there isn't any Unitarian church there. I will be nine next month.

Yours truly,

ROBERT COAR.

LONGWOOD, MASS.,
1012 Beacon Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school. I think half the fun in going to Sunday school is on account of *The Beacon*. I would like to join the Beacon Club if I may.

Yours truly,

JIM DUNHAM.

WINCHESTER, MASS.,
73 Church Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am seven years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My aunt reads *The Beacon* to me every Sunday. I like the short stories. I liked the picture of the two dogs in *The Beacon* to-day.

Truly yours,

JOHN B. LEWIS, 4th.

So. HINGHAM, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Unitarian Sunday School. I try to go every Sunday without missing. I am very much interested in *The Beacon*. I think there are lovely stories in it. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH MOORE.
(Age 10 years.)

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 3, 2, 7, 15, 5, 2, is a girl's name.

My 25, 26, 27, 28, is the greatest thing on earth.

My 3, 6, 18, 22, 16, 17, 20, is to speak of.

My 23, 19, 20, 21, is a prominent part of the body.

My 16, 18, 9, 8, 14, 15, is a little animal without bones.

My 4, 10, 11, 12, 13, 4, is a small tower on a castle.

My 15, 1, 24, is something a man wears.

My whole is a saying of Jesus.

MARTHA MATTICE AND MARTJE VAN DEUSEN.

A BIRD HUNT.

1. Lord of the air.

2. Girl's name.

3. Tale bearer.

4. Emblem of Peace.

5. Keeper of late hours.

6. Name of famous nurse.

7. Aids us in eating.

8. "Wild Goose Chase."

9. Teachers sometime do.

10. Applied to stupid and silly.

11. Used in making flags.

12. A scoffer and jester.

13. A family name.

14. What we do when frightened.

15. Letter of alphabet.

16. Guess all these and you are as wise as ——. Selected.

TRANSPPOSITION.

With the same four letters make:

1. A number of horses harnessed together.

2. A companion.

3. Flesh of animals.

4. Meek, subdued.

RUTH W. MORTON.

ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 5, 18, is a number.

My 10, 17, 8, 4, is an entrance to a house.

My 15, 12, 2, 7, is what boys do sometimes.

My 3, 1, 9, is a distance.

My 16, 8, 14, is what a boy is called.

My 13, 5, 10, is a boy's nickname.

My 9, 17, 6, 10, is a place of travel.

My whole is a poet's name.

MADELEINE LIBBY.

A CHARADE.

My first can never lie, or stand upright;

My second, of its kind, is first in sight;

My third is hidden, in shade, below the hill;

The history of my whole will often thrill.

Youth's Companion.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is twice eleven like twice ten?

2. Which are the most contented birds?

3. What is that which you can keep after giving it to someone else?

4. What vegetable products are the most important in history?

The Continent.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LX.—Christopher Columbus.

ENIGMA LXI.—Love one another.

ENIGMA LXII.—Abraham Lincoln.

AN ANAGRAM TITLE.—A retort.

A FISHING EXCURSION.—1. Star. 2. Blue. 3. Carp. 4. Pike. 5. Dog. 6. Cat. 7. Lance. 8. Bass. 9. Sturgeon. 10. Gold. 11. Sun. 12. Skate. 13. Perch.

BROKEN WORDS.—1. Forgotten—forgot, ten. 2. Offences—of fences. 3. Significant—sign, if, I, can't.